

Fort Wayne

Daily

Sentinel.

Vol. XXII.-No. 122.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1882.

PRICE THREE CENTS

Rare Bargains!

Owing to the backwardness of the weather and the lateness of the season, I have concluded to make a

Complete Reduction

THROUGH

All Departments

In order that I may dispose of some of my enormous stock of

Spring and Summer Goods!

Below I will mention a

FEW OF MY MANY RARE BARGAINS:

22-inch Colored Rhamades, the latest shades, Reduced from

\$2.00 to \$1.50 per yd.

22-inch Colored Gros Grain Silk, Excellent Bargains, Reduced from

\$1.25 to \$1.00 per yd.

22-inch extra heavy Gros Grain Silk, Best bargain in the city, for

\$1.30 a yd.

The handsomest line of Colored Suras, Ever brought to Fort Wayne.

A large line of

Black Rhamades, Reduced prices, ranging from

\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50 to \$1.75

I would suggest immediate inspection.

THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF MY SPECIAL BARGAINS. CALL AND CONVINCE YOURSELF.

LOUIS WOLF,

24 CALHOUN STREET.
FORT WAYNE, IND.

KEYSTONE BLOCK,

The Polar Refrigerator

DINKERS

OF

Soda Water!

Should always bear in mind that

LOESCH, (the Druggist)

COR. BARR AND WAYNE STS.

Uses no other essences in flavoring his Soda Syrup, but

USES NOTHING BUT THE

PUREST FRUIT JUICES

that can be procured. He always keeps on draft the following special drinks:

Mead,

Chocolate,

Birch Beer,

Ginger Ale

Etc., Etc.

Mineral Waters!

Of the most popular kinds constantly on draught.

Give him a trial and you will drink no others.

In addition to the above we offer at very low prices

The Astral Range

which still remains unequalled and the ladies favorite.

THE GOLDEN STAR VAPOR STOVE

The Safest and Best in Use.

THE RAPID ICE CREAM FREEZER,

The most rapid and popular freezer in the market. Give us a call and convince yourself, at the Mammoth Cheap Stove Store.

PRICE VERY LOW.

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THE DAILY SENTINEL is three cents a copy, ten cents a week, forty cents a month, \$4.80 a year—either by carrier or mail.

THE WEEKLY SENTINEL is 6 cents a copy, fifty cents per six months, \$1.00 a year; in clubs of ten or more, ninety cents a copy one year, and a free copy to the editor up of the club—each in advance.

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The Daily Sentinel

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, MAY 27.

SOCIETY.

Dolorous Youths—A Pretty and Accomplished Young House-keeper—A Pet Alligator—Whist Party—Secret Engagement—Personals—Every Day Cos-sip, Etc., Etc.

There has been much discussion of late, both social and jocular, of the woes of young gentlemen who "would a wooing go," but cannot afford matrimony on a moderate income, say \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year. The forlorn youths gaze upon the handsome toilets of their lady friends in secret dismay, and austerely conclude they can neither afford to keep up or regulate such magnificence. This is hard on the girls, who, according to the beautiful and classic refrain of an old love song, are ready and willing to love and serve "till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old, and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

Not only that, but the dear creatures often suffer an injustice by this masculine criticism and survey, for oftentimes what to their uninitiated eyes appears so gorgeous, is a small matter in dollars and cents. Be it known a woman of refinement and tact, perhaps a larger element of the latter can, with a comparatively small income, produce an effect that will equal, if not surprise, her more extravagant friend. Of course, it is to be acknowledged such feminine diplomacy does not constitute the majority in social circles, and is generally found where the heads of families have united the constant association and requirements of good society with a meagre income as is, perhaps, more often the case than is surmised. These self-same youths, who "build their goodness up high it toppes down to the other side and makes a sort of badness," perhaps do not as often as they might consult their own itemized account, which we will show them might become under clever feminine management a monument to the possibilities of a restricted income. One of our young ladies who, lest she undergo a regular seige of matrimonial overtures, forbids us to name her, and who is positively not in the market, has kindly given us the experience of a year in which, in a family of three, including herself, she proves that they lived quite comfortably, if not very luxuriously, upon only a thousand per annum. Owning a house, they paid no rent, neither hired servants, but liquidated bills for fuel, lights, produce, milk, newspapers, laundrying, &c., discharged necessary accounts with physician, dentist and druggist, dressed extravagantly as people said—mistake on their part—except she would have pretty boots, gloves, neck garniture and now and then an expensive hat; some of the time was paying for lessons in music and painting; only attended theatre when good talent came to town; was rather prodigal in books, dainty stationery and artist's materials, occasionally indulging in carriage hire; always made two or three holiday gifts; traveling expenses modest, only coming in once or twice a year; bought less and caramels; when had an especial banting for some; gave something to charity to some.

hundred and came out at the end of the year with something less than a hundred dollars. We submit this to our young society gentlemen who mope in bachelor chambers and are not brave enough or astute enough to seek out this remarkable young lady and conquer difficulties. Suffice it to say, she is in their midst and acknowledges the vast difference between the indispensable for a man's and woman's comfort, but guarantees that he shall share equally and alike under the clever management she prescribes.

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The Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MAY 27.

ESTELLE;

OR,

Narrow Escape!

[CONTINUED.]

"I think you are very nice as you are, Lizzie."

"Oh, but I'm not a lady," she replied. "I know that well. I couldn't walk and speak as you do, Miss Estelle, and I haven't your pretty airs and manners; I am sure you can see that. I want to make myself so that I could sit with other ladies in a drawing-room, and not feel ashamed."

She spoke with scarcely any Scotch accent, probably owing to her leaving Scotland when quite a child. But her ambition jarred upon me a little. I could not fancy Lizzie "sitting in a drawing room with other ladies." With her beautiful untidy hair and her simple natural grace, she was an artist's study of a woodland nymph or a Scotch lassie of the Eske Deans type, but not a drawing room belle or a beauty of the London season.

I stayed with Lizzie so long that at last I had to hurry home, fearing Mrs. Northcote might miss me; but fortunately she had not done so and was just asking for me as I walked in.

CHAPTER III.

I did not see either Mr. Northcote or Wilfred that day; they did not return until so late. Mrs. Northcote and I had a comfortable tea-dinner in her room together.

I had to leave the cold fowl for her, and to cut it into dainty morsels on her plate, and to butter a slice of toast for her, as if she had been a child; when I was not there, Mrs. Pearce always attended to her in the same way.

After tea, I sang to her; and she complained of feeling tired, and went to bed very early. Although an invalid, she was able to walk short distances, and I made up my mind that I would coax her to walk a little way with me in the sunshine every day and thus very probably do her general health much good, for I fancied that until I came she had been allowed to move too much indoors.

I carried out my little plan the next day and for many days afterwards, and old Pearce looked relieved to see me with her, and did not caution me again not to keep bad company. I saw enough at all hours in the day of Wilfred's handsome laughing face; he had a hundred little devices for meeting me and a hundred pretty speeches always ready on his tongue. He was so cautious however that his uncle did not know of half the attention he was paying me; what little Mr. Northcote did observe, he evidently strongly disapproved of, and had many devices of his own for keeping Wilfred and myself apart. These Wilfred was constantly managed to evade; but he dared not openly disobey his uncle, of whom he evidently stood in considerable awe.

"This proud Hugo Northcote," I said to myself, "thinks I am not good enough to form one of the family of which he is the head. No matter! My pride is quite strong enough to prevent me from wishing to do anything of the kind."

Sometimes I wondered a little what manner of man Hugo Northcote—"the master," as Mrs. Pearce always called him—really was; the opinions of the different members of his household concerning him were so widely opposed to one another. I did not like him myself, but then I was comparatively a stranger to him; Wilfred hated and feared him, and made no secret of it; but Mrs. Northcote loved and respected Hugo far more than she did her own son Wilfred, whom she always treated with gentle forbearance, compassion, as a not over well-behaved child; and, lastly, the Peares loved their master with a feeling almost akin to veneration.

The days passed gradually into weeks, and I was very happy in my new home. How much Wilfred had to do with this state of feeling, I did not pause to inquire. He was certainly very handsome, very good tempered, and attractive, and always in the way just when I wanted to be amused.

Long as I had lived at Hillersdon, I had never yet seen the mysterious door at the corner of the passage open, though Mrs. Pearce sometimes produced a key, and, letting herself into the room, would remain there for some little time; after which, she always carefully closed and fastened the door behind her again. I noticed that, whenever I met her after one of these visits, she always looked as if she had been crying.

I often puzzled myself as to what strange family secret was connected with this shut-up unused apartment. That some dreadful story was linked with it I felt convinced; and once I tried with some dexterity to gratify my curiosity by leading Mrs. Northcote to talk on the subject; but my stratagem was not successful. She either could not, or would not, remember anything about it; but she advised me, if I wished to know anything about the house, to apply to Hugo Northcote.

"Hugo can tell you all about it, my dear," she said. "He knows everything that has happened in the family for years past, and whatever he orders is sure to be the best in the end. We came out to this country, you know, because Hugo wished it; and I am growing better and stronger every day. Then, when Hugo thought I ought to have a companion, you sent us your photograph; and Wilfred and I did not like it; we said, she looks

too old; but Hugo said, 'No, an elderly lady will just suit us,' and you see he was quite right as usual, for you are not old at all, but just what we could wish!"

So she chattered away, poor old lady; and I found myself smiling at the mistakes my photograph had caused; but never a word about the room of which the door was always locked and the blinds drawn I could elicit from Mrs. Northcote.

It was a shower day, and I could not go out, either with Mrs. Northcote or by myself; the squalls, when they came, were so violent, and the intervals between them so short. Mrs. Northcote was asleep up-stairs, and I had escaped to the kitchen. I was sitting comfortably by the stove with a long spoon in one hand, stirring a great preserving pan full of greengeen plums, while Mrs. Pearce, at the table beneath the window, was engaged in the manufacture of a most delicious dish for dinner that night.

I had grown very fond of Mrs. Pearce, and she in her turn was fond of me; I liked to spend an hour or two with her in the kitchen whenever I could get a chance; and, above all, I liked to coax her to talk, but that was not so easy; she was on some subjects only one degree less reserved and taciturn than her fractious old husband, who, I often thought, must be exactly suited to "Master Hugo," for they both seemed as cold and as hard as stones.

"Would you like to go back to Eng land, Mrs. Pearce?" I asked by-and-by, as she carried the dish of custard into the larder to leave it there until dinner-time.

"No," she replied, "I don't know that I should. My old man would not leave Master Hugo, not on no account, nor would I. We've lived with him a many years, and with his father before him; and I nursed Miss May when she was a baby."

I think that the last words slipped out unawares, and that she was sorry when she uttered them.

"Oh, tell me about Miss May!" I said eagerly, catching at the opportunity. "Was she Mr. Wilfred's sister?"

"Oh, no," she answered—"no, not by no means!"—and she looked quite shocked at the idea. "She was the daughter of a cousin of Master Hu's, and she was an orp an; her father and mother was both dead, and Master Hugo was left her guardian."

"Tell me some more," I asked again, when she paused. "Was she quite a child when she died?"

"No," said Mrs. Pearce; "she was a grown-up young lady, and a sweet one too. She was taller than you are, Miss Estelle, and, she was just the light of the house."

"Of what did she die?" I asked next, for all the little hints she dropped about the last Miss May, who was supposed to have resembled me, interested me so much that my curiosity led me to ask more questions than perhaps I ought to have done.

Mrs. Pearce suddenly put out both her hands, as if to warn me off forbidding ground.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she said untroublingly. "Don't tempt me to talk about her any more. I could speak of her from morning till night if I dare. Pearce says my tongue will be the ruin of us all some day!"

There was something so pathetic in her tone, and the beseeching gesture with which she begged me not to tempt her to talk was so genuine and sincere, that I said not another word; and I felt in some way strangely shocked and startled.

"I think these plums are done, Mrs. Pearce," I said at last, after a few moments' silence between us, which felt awkward and oppressive.

"Yes," she answered, coming to look at them, "They'll do nicely now, miss. I'll lift off the heavy kettle and fill the jars, and I'll get you to be so good as to write the labels for them."

"Let me fill the jars, Mrs. Pearce," I said.

"No," she answered; "You might stain your pretty blue cambric gown. If you want to help me with such work as this, Miss Estelle, you must get a big holland apron that will cover you all around."

Her words put a new thought into my head. I had indeed hardly anything to wear, except the blue cambric morning-gown I had on, and the black cashmere I wore in the evening; and I had been at Hillersdon nearly two months. I wondered if I might venture to ask Mr. Northcote for a little of my salary; but I was terribly afraid of him.

However I resolved to take advantage of the opportunity to consult Mrs. Pearce on the subject.

"Mr. Pearce," I said, rather hesitatingly, "you don't know how very few clothes I have. My father has been too poor for a long time past to give me any new things."

"Would you be angry," I said, "if I were to ask you for a week's holiday that I might go and buy myself some things in town? You have no idea how glad I should be."

He hesitated for a moment; my request, I could see, was for some reason or other distasteful to him; but he said at last, gravely and coldly, that I might go if I choose, only I must not remain away longer than a week.

"I need not tell you," he added, "that poor Mrs. Northcote is very fond of you, and will tell your absence severely."

I gladly agreed to these terms, and promised to return in less than a week if possible; and then I got up to leave. He held the door open for me; and the dreaded interview with Hugo Northcote was over, leaving me joyous and triumphant, feeling as rich as a queen.

"Mrs. Pearce is right; her master is very kind beneath the surface," I said to myself as I reached my own room.

The same afternoon I went through the wood to look for Lizzie Gordon. I wanted to ask her if I could get any little thing for her in town—I felt so rich with my thirty pounds. Lizzie saw me coming, and ran to meet me, her fair cheeks flushed with pink, and her golden hair gathered into a thick roll at the back of her pretty head.

"Then Mr. Hugo and Mr. Wilfred and I went only half brother?" I said when she saw me. "You

"Just so," returned Mrs. Pearce. "And Mr. Wilfred was left quite dependent on his uncle, and has always been so."

"Was Mrs. Northcote always as she is now?" I asked again.

"Always more or less," said Mrs. Pearce. "But she was not so bad when she was a girl; and she was a great beauty then. Mr. Wilfred's father was deep in love with her; it was quite a love-match. Her mind has grown worse of late years, since his death, poor thing!"

"He is not kind to Mr. Wilfred," she said doubtfully. "He is kind, but very cold."

"I think he is not really so cold as he seems," I returned, smiling, for I was disposed to think well of every one that day.

"He is not kind to Mr. Wilfred," she said softly; and then she blushed and asked me to go up to the cottage with her as usual. But I had no time to do that.

"Tell me something to get for you in town, Lizzie," I said.

"But she would not choose anything, and I determined to bring her some pretty which should be her pride to her. As we sat side by side among the green leaves and the fern, Lizzie said to me suddenly—

"Miss Estelle, I want you to sing for me. Some one told me you sing beautifully. I want you to sing for me about a 'castle in the air.'"

"My singing pleases Mrs. Northcote," I answered, "that is the chief value of it. I never had any good value."

But she persisted in her request, and I sang—

"I could not build another;

And heart and stony hand courage

Died out the selfsame day;

and, behold, when I came to the end, Lizzie was on her knees at the feet of her hearted Wilfred Northcote. He was not looking his best to day however; he seemed to be rather out of temper.

"Ooh, think, Miss Estelle!" she said, "I am going to have my holiday soon. I am going to stay with some cousins of mine in town; but for longer than you did—perhaps for a whole month. Father says that he can spare me quite well."

I sympathized with her delight, and we chatted away gaily and gaily as usual. At last—what prompted me to say it I do not know—I exclaim'd suddenly—

"Lizzie, do you know I heard a strange rumor while I was in town? people say that one of the Mr. Northcotes is a widower."

There was a startled look upon her face as her eyes met mine.

"It can't be true," she said "or else it must be Mr. Hugo. It never can be Mr. Wilfred; 'he is too young, and I sympathized with her delight, and we chatted away gaily and gaily as usual. At last—what prompted me to say it I do not know—I exclaim'd suddenly—

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The Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MAY 27.

Queen of Sheba.

"I want to see the boss liar who runs this sheet," roared a muscular looking man of the base ball species, walking into the office of the Post last Monday morning.

"The managing editor is out," said the office boy, hastily getting behind the counter.

"Blast the editor!" growled the stranger, rapping on the counter with the end of his four foot club. "I want to see the head pirate—the proprietor—the fellow that your paper says wants to be held responsible for those infernal lies about the carnival people in last Saturday's Post."

Through the door of the inner office came a subdued rustling sound, as though a terrier was chasing a rat into a hole, followed by a silence that might have been cut with a knife.

"He's out too," said the boy.

"Gol dern the luck!" said the muscular party, much annoyed. "I came in a purpose to batter him up with this here club."

"He will be sorrow to have missed you," said the boy soothingly. "Isn't your paper left regularly?"

"Paper is everlasting blanketed to blanknated," thundered the visitor. "My sister was the queen of Sheba!"

"The queen of what?"

"Of Sheba, idiot! Don't you understand?"

"Once more for the beer!" said the boy, leaning forward.

"Why, the queen of Sheba—up at the carnival, I mean. She was brought home from the matinee day before yesterday, in a back and fit. This is what did it," and the aggrieved brother haulled out a marked copy of our superior family journal (only fifteen cents a week by carrier), and pointed to the following paragraph:

"We would rather find a thousand dollar bill, lost by poor widow wash woman, than say an thing unkindly personal in this article; but all the same, we mean to overhaul sacred history, the first chance we get, and ascertain whether there is a definite scriptural authority that the queen of Sheba had access to unlimited quantities of limburger cheese. Unless we find that fact fully substantiated, we shall be reluctantly forced to conclude the counterfeit presentation of that potentate, up at Mission and Eight, to be an atmospheric fraud and mimetic mockery."

"Must be some mistake," softly suggested the boy.

"Mistake be blown," said the queen's brother, brandishing his club, to the extreme discomfort of the cashier. "I'm an infernal miserable lie. My sister never eats cheese, and besides, she chews cardamom seeds and things. Never ate limburger in her life."

"I do," said the office boy consolingly.

"So I see," said the outraged party, pushing the boy's nose around with the end of his club.

"The minute I read the cowardly slander, I just went out to the wood pile and picked out the knottiest stick I could find, and I whittled it down at this end for a square grip. When will the old vampire be in? I'll wait for him."

A couple of gentle taps came from within.

"He'll be gone two months," said the boy.

The knocks were repeated more vigorously.

"I mean two years," continued the youth, hastily. "He's away off on a ranch somewhere—building a new stable—one for mules. Ten to one he never gets back at all."

"Just my infernal hard luck," muttered the athlete. "Is there anybody here who would like to step out and represent him for a few minutes?"

But there was no one who could spare time.

"All right said the representative of Scriptural rule; "I will now go and have a lot of base ball spikes screwed into this club, and if there isn't an unconditional retraction in next Saturday's paper, I will drop in again. Unconditional, mind!" and, after savagely kicking a newboy off the door step, he shouldered his redwood and walked out of the office.

As he disappeared in the mazes of Montgomery, the proprietor emerged from beneath a table, and clasping the intelligent boy to his breast, raised his salary two dollars a year.—San Francisco Post.

Uncle Hyatt's Smart Dog.

Uncle Saunders Hyatt says that about fifty years ago he owned a dog whose bark he became so well acquainted with that he could tell in a moment what kind of an animal it was running, and whether it was male or female. One day he heard her open upon a male fox squirrel's track not far from the house, so he picked up his gun and followed her into the bushes, shouting and scaring

to be baying a mething. While he knew it was a male fox squirrel, he could not understand why she should bark it. She soon had the varmint, however, again on the run still further in the swamp. When she bayed again he soon reached a cluster of bushes at which she seemed to be barking, and there he saw a huge rat-tanake in its coil.

With a sharp eye and a steady nerve, on which he prided himself in those days, he quickly sent a bullet through his snake's head. He then approached, and noticing the snake looked uncommonly large in the middle of its body, he cut it open with his knife, when out jumped the fox squirrel and made for the nearest tree. A ball from his rifle soon brought the squirrel to the ground and it made him a good dinner. He says that the squirrel must have run too close to the snake while attempting to get away from the dog and was in consequence caught and swallowed, while the dog was not to be fooled out of his game; hence the following of the track of the snake.—Covington Enterprise.

A Baptist Minister's Experience.

I am a B-pist minister, and before I even thought of being a clergymen, I graduated in medicine, but let a lucrative position for my present profession, forty years ago. I was for many years a sufferer from quinsy; "Thomas' Electric Oil cured me." I was also troubled with hoarseness, and "Thomas' Electric Oil relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria and "Thomas' Electric Oil cured them," and if taken in time it will cure seven times out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cold or cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with the Oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the oil out of the spoon into the bead by sniffing as hard as they can, until the Oil falls over into the throat, and practice that twice a week, I don't care how often they have it, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For diphtheria and earache it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine I have ever felt like commanding, and I am very anxious to see it in every place, for I tell you that I would not be without it in my house for any consideration. I am now suffering with a pain like rheumatism in my right limb, and nothing relieves me like Thomas' Electric Oil. Dr. E. F. CRANE, Corry, Pa.

John Hillis, an old resident of Rising Sun, and highly respected, died Sunday evening, after a very brief illness.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete treatment for \$1.

Terrible itching and scaly humors, ulcers, a red and scrofulous swellings cured by the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cure) externally and Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally. Ask about them at your druggist.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS

BITTERS

Among the medicinal means of arresting the use of Hostetter's Sennet Bitters stands pre-eminent. It cures the further prostration of all sorts of the stomach, liver, kidneys, lungs, heart, brain, pancreas and remedies childhood and fever, increases the activity of the kidneys, counteracts rheumatism, and is a genuine stay and solace to the system and various personal ills.

For sale by all druggists and dealer generally.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Auditor of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

FRANK H. WOLKE.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

THOMAS MANNIX.

Mr. Editor—By request of my friends since my return home, I have consented to be a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, June 17th, 1882.

PETER CERILIA.

COUNTY TREASURER.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Treasurer of Allen county, subject to the votes of the democratic nominating convention.

JOHN DALMAN.

St. Joe Town hip, April 18, 1882. daw.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

WILLIS D. MAIR.

Deputy county Clerk for past twelve years.

RECORER.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Recorder, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, and oblige.

Yours Truly,

ANDREW F. GLUTTING.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Recorder, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

THOMAS H. HELLER.

Monroe Township, April 13, 1882.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Recorder, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

JAMES SHERIDAN.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for Recorder of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

W. A. REICHLERER.

Springfield Township, April 25, 1882.

JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Mr. Editor—Please announce the name of Judge James L. Warden as a candidate for Judge of the Superior Court of Allen county, subject to the decision of the Allen county democratic nominating convention. We feel that your announcement will meet his approval.

MANY CITIZENS.

Mr. Editor—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Judge or the Superior Court of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, June 17, 1882.

THOMAS E. ELLISON.

JUDGE OF THE CRIMINAL COURT.

Mr. Editor—Please announce the name of Samuel M. Hench, ex-prosecuting attorney of the criminal court, as a candidate for Judge of the Criminal Court of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention of June 17, 1882. And oblige.

HIS MANY FRIENDS.

Mr. Editor—Please announce the name of Hon. Samuel E. Sinclair as a candidate for Judge of the Criminal Court of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, and oblige.

MANY DEMOCRATS.

CIRCUIT PROSECUTOR.

Editor of the Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for Circuit Prosecutor, 38th circuit, composed of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, June 17, 1882.

CHARLES M. DAWSON,

Present Circuit Prosecutor.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Editor—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner, for the first district of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

CARL BRUDI.

Adams Township, April 11, 1882. daw.

Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner, for the first district of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

HENRY HARTMAN.

Adams Township, April 15, 1882.

Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for Commissioner of Allen county, for the first district, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

WILLIS D. DRIMMOND,

Land Commissioner, Milwaukee, Wis.

PIANO TUNING.

Orders for Tuning, Repairing and Moving.

Will prompt and satisfactory attention.

Piano and Organ boxes for sale.

I. N. Taylor's,

91 Calhoun Street.

Prof. A. Joost's

MUSIC SCHOOL,

No. 152 West Wayne St.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Prof. Joost, piano.

Miss Fannie Withers, (pupil of Cincinnati College of Music).

Prof. Nell, violin, harmony, cello, viola,

M. A. Shober, cornet.

Private and Class Lessons.

Piano and voice lessons given at the Prof. Joost's residence if desired.

Recitals given by the pupils every Saturday.

Pupils from abroad solicited. They can be accommodated with board in Prof. Joost's family.

Pupils can graduate in this school and receive regular diplomas.

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Opposite Aveline House.

We Will Sell You
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Wall Paper!
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Fort Wayne Paint
and Painting Co.
70 Calhoun St.,
Opp. Aveline House,
PORT WAYNE, IND.

The Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MAY 27.

THE CITY.

W. J. Craig was in the city this morning.

Charley Slack, of Bluffton, is in the city to-day.

Hon. Tom Ward, of Lafayette, is the guest of Harry C. Hanna.

Mrs. John Dratt, of 66 Wells street, who has been seriously ill, is convalescing.

Marcus Gorham was fined yesterday by Justice Pratt, for assault and battery on Frank Lavanway.

Henry Houck, a destitute laborer, who is suffering with brain fever, was sent to the city hospital this morning.

The opening at Pleasant Lake yesterday was a grand affair and Mr. Ball spared no pains to make every one happy. Charley Day was master of ceremonies.

Dra. W. F. Frothingham and E. Kingsley, specialists, from Grand Rapids, registered on the Allen county list of physicians this morning. They intend to practice here a while.

The Rod and Reel club will go to Pleasant Lake June 4. Mr. Avery, the gentlemanly and accommodating proprietor of the boats on Long Lake, is making extensive preparations for them.

Mrs. M. L. Wells, vice president at large of the Indiana Woman's Christian Temperance union, will meet all ladies who are interested in the temperance work at the Baptist church, Sabbath afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

The city has not settled the Hannus case as yet. The commissioners are being negotiated to pay part of the damages assessed by the superior court, but will probably decline. It is not thought an appeal will be taken.

Of our next county clerk the Huntington Herald says: "Willis D. Maier, for twelve years past deputy clerk of Allen county, is a candidate for clerk. He is a capable and worthy gentleman, and should be nominated and elected."

The Bluffton fishermen passed through the city last evening on their way home from Pleasant Lake, carrying with them several baskets of fine fish. They speak very highly of the accommodations of the place, and especially of the Lake View hotel people.

The Huntington Herald says: "It is perhaps none of our business and we may withal be laboring under a misapprehension as to the exact condition of affairs, but we predict that Judge Lowry will be the democratic nominee for congress in the 12th district. He deserves it and should have it."

Yesterday evening a lively row occurred at the Tremont house. One Lupkin, son of an ex-policeman, seized John Hilgerford and threw him clean through one of the large glass windows in the entrance door. Lupkin went over twenty-one days this morning for this exercise. Jim Miller, a drunken nigger, got sixteen days.

Mr. J. D. Sarnighausen desires THE SENTINEL to say that an alleged interview with him published in the News night before last had no foundation, and, indeed, was shaped entirely out of the writer's imagination. Mr. Sarnighausen said he was happy to say that his eyes had not been offended that day with a glimpse of any other reporter save his own.

Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, William Krantz and Peter Amstutz, employees of H. G. Olds, were trying to have a little circus of their own, and were hanging by their toes on a four by four scantling, when it gave way and precipitated them to the floor, Krantz cutting a gash in his head a quarter of an inch long, and Amstutz receiving serious injuries.

The auditors of the Ohio counties through which the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railway passes have appraised the value of the property for taxation as follows: Main line, \$3,500 per mile; side track, \$1,500 per mile; locomotives, \$5,000; cabooses, \$300; box cars, \$260; coal cars, \$200; flat cars, \$150; hand cars, \$20. The right of way through Ouyahoga county was assessed as real estate instead of mileage.

John Barry, late of Philadelphia, is a warning to vicious young men. Barry, who is a young fellow hardly beyond his manhood, came here with a plentiful supply of cash, which he scattered profusely among abandoned women. For a time, Barry had a great deal of riotous amusement, but now he is a sorry spectacle. Yesterday, penniless and suffering from a loathsome disease, he applied to the township trustee for an order of admission to the hospital. Instead he went to the poor farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Walton are back from a trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Fred Nirdlinger arrived in Philadelphia this morning.

Mrs. B. Jenkins, of Lafayette, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. L. Garahan.

Lou Johns has in building a number of road carts. These vehicles are becoming very popular.

As usual THE SENTINEL scooped the other papers last night regarding Mr. Dickson's visit to the city.

Auditor Hoffman, of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad is confined to his room by illness.

Superintendent of Telegraph C. Selden, of the Wabash, with headquarters at St. Louis, is in the city to-day.

O. B. Woodworth returned this morning from a trip to surrounding towns in the interest of his flourishing dental depot.

Thomas R. Bicknell, the pleasant book-keeper of the Western Union office, after an illness of two weeks, will resume his duties Monday morning.

Wilson & Wilson, attorneys at law, of Danville, Ind., are in the city. The Messrs. Wilson are proprietors of the "Abstract of Title and Index Combined."

A girl named Green, who lives in the east end, will be sent to the woman's reformatory, her mother complaining that she can do nothing to restrain her from her vicious tendencies.

The New Haven Echo says: "Mr. Willis Maier announces himself as a candidate for county clerk. A nobler and truer democrat cannot be found in the field. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and should receive the unanimous vote of the convention."

The downward tendency of the markets yesterday, especially in wheat, caused the frequenters of Brelsford's bucket shop great joy, and they are abroad with gleeful countenances and large boodles. Mr. Brelsford is said to be a loss to very heavy extent.

Manager George A. Dickson, of Indianapolis, a member of the celebrated theatrical firm of Brooks & Dickson, was at the Robinson yesterday. His scheme for building the Masonic Temple was alluded to exclusively in this paper. He will return next week, when the matter will be finally settled.

The venerable Peter Heller is not now at the city hospital. The old gentleman's insanity took a violent freak yesterday, and he smashed window glass, tore off blinds and cut his clothing into ribbons. He will be taken to the county asylum, where his board will be paid by relatives. It is actually dangerous to allow the octogenarian to remain at the house of his relatives.

The Wabash and Pan Handle roads have entered into an arrangement whereby the former runs its trains from the Indiana state line to Logansport, and the latter has the use of the track of the former from Kokomo to Indianapolis. The arrangement provides that coupon tickets shall be issued by each for that portion of the other's track used in the movement of through passenger trains.

S. M. Hench was yesterday at Sheldon and pitched several games of quoits with some huge-limbed country youths, and though supposed to be like all city people, enervated by a life bounded by high walls, he scooped 'em all. The other candidates stood around and gnashed their teeth in envy. Had Hon. Peter Koehlinger been present, Mr. Hench would have been defeated, for Peter is an Admirable Crichton.

Hon. R. C. Bell returned from Hartford City yesterday afternoon. The case against the company was continued, but at Muncie the fellow ejected by Conductor O'Meara from the coach filed an affidavit for assault. S. L. Morris and the seven witnesses went there to try the case. It appears that the fellow who made all this disturbance is from Richmond, where he has no reputation to speak of. He struck at O'Meara before that plucky little Irishman sailed into him and fired him bodily from the train.

The Huntington Herald has long and constantly pursued dabblers in the Marriage Dowry Benefit Association. The Herald has been particularly vicious in its attacks on L. P. Boyle, now mayor of Huntington. In proving the charges against Mr. Boyle, the Herald produces a letter from a farmer named John J. Scotton, setting forth that through the advice of Boyle, he "contracted to take 120 shares of stock in the Allen County Marriage Benefit Association, of Fort Wayne, and issued a note of \$860 in payment for said shares." Mr. Scotton says further that "the policies in the Allen County Marriage Benefit Association were never delivered to him, and that he proposes to make payment of the note."

John Barry, late of Philadelphia, is a warning to vicious young men. Barry, who is a young fellow hardly beyond his manhood, came here with a plentiful supply of cash, which he scattered profusely among abandoned women. For a time, Barry had a great deal of riotous amusement, but now he is a sorry spectacle. Yesterday, penniless and suffering from a loathsome disease, he applied to the township trustee for an order of admission to the hospital. Instead he went to the poor farm.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Meeting of the Executive Committee Who Outline a Programme Which will be a Corker if Carried out Successfully.

Last evening in the circuit court room, the Fourth of July executive committee met, A. S. Lauerty, presiding, and Theron P. Keator, acting as secretary.

The following resolution was very properly adopted:

Be it hereby resolved that the committee appointed on fireworks and who have the public display of fireworks in charge to be given by the citizens of this city on the evening of July 4, 1882, are hereby instructed not to solicit or receive any piece whatsoever calculated to advertise the business of any individual or firm at this public display of fireworks.

Hon. F. P. Randall was made president of the day and the following committees were appointed:

Committee on Mardi Gras—Jubilee singers, Uncle Sam, chariot, ships of state, etc. Phil Keintz, chairman; Max G. Lade, L. P. Staplesford, Will Wilson, Herman Goldsmith.

Committee to organize and solicit trade representations—John B. Monroe, chairman; Max G. Lade, Leopold Highern, Joseph Fox, Phil Keintz.

Committee on bands and music—Capt. Jas. Harper, chairman; William Schieffer, William D. Page.

Committee on invitations—Chairman, Col. Chas. A. Zollinger, mayor; Hon. F. P. Randall, Hon. A. H. Hamilton, Hon. Wm. Fleming, Hon. R. C. Bell, Hon. John Morris, Hon. A. P. Elgerton, Rev. J. C. Brammer, Rev. Wm. Shuler, Rev. W. F. Yocom, Rev. James R. Stone, Rev. Wm. M. Webb, Rev. Carl Schatz, Rev. A. Duschner, Rev. Samuel Wagenhals, Rev. C. G. Hudson, Rev. D. W. Moffat, Rev. G. I. Keirn, A. Wolf, John H. Bass, Charles McCulloch, Max Nirdlinger, Christ Wenninghoff, Oscar Simon, Stephen Bond, A. S. Prescott, Henry G. Olds.

Reception committee—The mayor of the city, the city council and county commissioners.

Old settlers' committee—Peter Kiser, Jacob Bowser, Judge Robert Work.

Committee on grounds—A. S. Lauerty, chairman, T. P. Keator, H. C. Graffe.

Committee on excursions—Thomas Sullivan, chairman, Captain James Harper, Sam. S. Sweet.

After long deliberation and suggestions on the part of the committee, the following

PROGRAMME

was arranged:

Form at 1 p.m., court house square

—Main street, Calhoun street, Berry street, Court street.

Order of forming—"Uncle Sam" on horseback meets the mayor of the city at the west court house door, and the mayor presents "Uncle Sam" with keys and freedom of the city.

Police, mounted.

Goddes of Liberty chariot, drawn by four horses.

"Uncle Sam" on horseback.

Asia, Africa, Europe, America—banners.

Columbia in ship of state, drawn by four horses.

Drum corps.

Fort Wayne cadets.

Common council in carriages, accompanied by visiting speakers, etc.

Band.

Old settlers of Indiana in wagon.

Peter Kiser, manager of this feature.

Visiting firemen.

Fort Wayne fire department.

Drum corps.

Old veterans of Indiana.

Mounted masqueraders.

Trade representations.

Band.

Wagons of different townships with banners stating township competing for prize.

Horsemen of different townships with banner stating township competing for prize.

LINE OF MARCH.

South on Calhoun to Lewis, west on Lewis to Broadway, north on Broadway to Berry, east on Berry to Harrison, north on Harrison to Main and then to the grounds.

EXERCISES AT GROUNDS.

Two p.m., called to order by chairman of the day, Hon. F. P. Randall.

Prayer by Rev. Dr. Moffat.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence.

Music—"Star Spangled Banner."

Speeches, orations, etc.

Song by the Airon society.

Foot race, amateurs only, 100 yards

—Prize I—\$10.00. Prize II—\$5.00.

Judges—Frank Gladie, New Haven; Carl Brudi, New Haven; Benj. D. Kelsey, Kelseyville, P. O.

Music.

Oblong greased pole without spurs

—First successful attempt—prize, \$10.

Judges—Harrison Hursh, Leo; George W. Hand, Hustertown; John McConnell, Monroeville.

Music—Wedding march.

Marriage in a balloon.

Music—Glee club.

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